

lowship means to have things in common. The two words have a similar meaning. You may think the fellowship among church members is complete. It is not so. The members of the church are not united, not of one accord, and of one mind. We cannot have full fellowship until we walk in the light as he is in the light. Then will we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus will cleanse us from all sin. There is much in having complete fellowship one with another.

Next was the breaking of bread, or keeping the Lord's Supper, observing God's sacred ordinances. This is a third element of preparation for efficiency. And a fourth and last one is prayer. A praying church is a consecrated church; a praying church is a working church; a praying church is a God-fearing church; a praying church is a right-doing church. The Apostolic church did much good. She continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine, or teaching, and fellowship and in breaking of bread and in prayer.

This is what prepared the way for the Holy Ghost to come and do his work. This is what will give us the power for good when we obey. Do we desire to become a greater power for good? Then observe this teaching and God will do his part in giving us the power.

## King's Children.

### KING'S CHILDREN.

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Blessed name! But I often think in many respects it is desecrated. Dear friends, do you know that name has been consecrated by God, and to him it is very holy? I love that name. It expresses so much. But I sometimes think it a wrong name for a church *endeavor* society. My reason is this. In such a society we admit many to wear the name, who are not children of the King. Many who have reached their accountable years, and have made no profession of religion—many who have never confessed their sinfulness and have never taken Jesus as a Savior. I very much question the fact whether among the *King's* children there is one who can truly be called an associate member.

But let this be as it may, I am so glad that we *can all* be children of the King, and to those who are truly His children I pen these words.

A child of a King? What, me? Poor wretched me? Yes praise God, even me! "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that *we* should be called the *SONS OF GOD*?" Talk about

mysteries, dear friend. I hear people often say, "O I cannot understand this or that." There's the rib story, there's the flood, there's the sun and the moon standing still, there's Jonah. I cannot understand them." Mysteries, beloved. Why don't you get something that is a mystery. The only great mystery I find in my Bible is the love of God toward *me*, that *I*—think of it—should be called a son of God. Mystery? Pray, do you understand how the omnipotent God could come to earth, and He that made all things live and die without place to lay his head,—die, as he died—and for me,—there is mystery. That we should be called the children of a King. Brother and sister, what return are you giving to God for his wonderful love, for making you a joint-heir with Christ. What return? What can I give him? Gold? What cares he for gold, that filled the mountains with jewels before I saw the light of day. What can I give him? Why, give him that which he loves best—even me. No other gift is acceptable. He wants us, only ourselves.

Then dear King's Children, if you are really his, you have surely said to him,

"Take myself and I will be,  
Ever, only, *all* for Thee."

Brother and sister, are you *really* one of the King's Children. O, if you hesitate, go to your closet and ask God to accept of a very humble offering but the best you can give—even yourself. And then be "*ever, only, all*, for Him." You cannot, O you cannot be one of the King's Children unless you do. God help us to give ourselves completely to him who gave himself for us. Then hear him say, "So will I also be for thee." Yes, for us, in cloud and sunshine here, in the dim mist of the grave whither we are going, in the glad hour of resurrection, at the dread judgment, with us through the gates of pearl, with us on the banks of the crystal river, with us on his throne. Praise ye the Lord. His promises never fail.

But perhaps, some of you are now caused to doubt whether you are really a child of the King. Hear the apostle whom Jesus loved: "Beloved, now are we the sons of God." Not after while, but right "*now*," we "*are*." No doubt there. We have no right to doubt, dear friend. It is sin to doubt. We *know* that we are the *sons* of God, or we know that we are not. What right have we to doubt God's word? Didn't you go to him, believing, trusting, repenting, obeying? You did? Then listen! "He that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." Didn't Christ say that?

"How do I know my sins forgiven,  
My Savior tells me so—  
That now I am an heir to heaven,  
My Savior tells me so.  
Away with doubt, away with fear  
When this by faith I know;  
God's word shall stand forevermore,  
My Savior tells me so."

I *am* a child of God—my Savior tells me so. Yes, "beloved, now are we the sons of God."

Again some one says away down deep in the heart—the one spot in us where a lie cannot enter—yes, but I don't really feel that I am as good as I ought to be in order to be a child of the King, as you say I am. Praise God once more then, for that. O Christian, beware. The most dangerous ground upon which you can stand is the ground upon which you stand to say, "I am *good* enough to be a child of the King." Dangerous to say it, more dangerous to feel it. You are not as good as you ought to be, you are not as good as you can be. A Christian never reaches that point where he cannot go forward—on to perfection. Paul, a chosen one of God seems perfect, yet he says, "I press toward the mark."

O let us resolve to press on every day of our lives that we may be perfect over there. None of us are as good as we ought to be,—far from it. Yet, many of us, I know, are children of a king. If at last I may be like him! He only is perfect. And my Bible tells me that we shall be like him. Let not your feelings deceive you, and because you often do what you ought not, think that is proof that you are not a child of the King. "For ye are all the children of God by faith in Jesus Christ," not by what you have been able to make yourself.

Let us have no doubts, no fears. And try and live worthy of the title he has seen fit to bestow upon us. Let us be sure of two things. Let me doubt that 2 times 2 is 4, but never let me doubt, first, that I am—a mighty sinner. Second, that I am saved by grace! "Now, are we the sons of God." Yes, just as much as we ever shall be. We are his sons, tho far away from home, in a cold and desert land. Some day we'll go home, not to become his sons, but to inherit the everlasting blessings that he has prepared for us.

Yes, listen! "Now, are we the sons of God,"—the King's Children—and it doth not yet appear what we shall be." At best, we can only speculate. But what it is to be in that "glorious land," that "city fair," we do not know. John, to whom the only view of that land that mortal eye ever beheld, was given, says, "it does not yet appear what we shall be." Paul says this much, "For I reckon that the suffer-